

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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R. J. C. WALKER,
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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1874.

Three Dollars a Year,
in Advance.

No. 12.

THE YEAR'S CROWN.

BY M. G. WATKINS.

Fain would I stay thee, from thy fragrant
bresses,
To pluck, fair queen, the last and sweetest
Fain would I linger where this fine air blesses
The golden woodlands, sing'ring while it flows
As loth to say farewell! Bright Autumn, fain
Would love delay thee, but the wish is vain!

Yet has thou memories, Autumn, for the twi-
light.
Of happy meetings, joyful smilings, where corn
Waves o'er the hill-side, or the penciled eye-
bright
Stirs in the breeze from purpled uplands
borne
Pensive and loiter by the well-known tryst,
And watch the golden fields by sunset kissed.

Here for each soul the future takes a glory,
And we may dream of triumphs yet to
come!
Lovers here meet to tell the "old, old story,"
Draw tight the knots ne'er e'en by death un-
loose.
Here, too, when day dies—die, alas! too soon—
More lovely hosts above the Autumn moon.

Soft, fair her mellow flood, its radiance
streameth;
O'er park and hamlet wrapped in deep repose;
Yonder the brook a thread of silver gleameth;
The forest here in solemn splendor shows;
A land of silent glamour fair and near;
Owes Autumn queen of all the beauteous year.

WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE;

OR,

The Stolen Heiress!

BY MARY E. WOODSON,

AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S VOW," "OAK-
LANDS," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 7, Vol. 84.
Both numbers can be obtained from all news-
dealers throughout the United States, or direct
from this office.]

CHAPTER XVI.

OUT IN THE COLD WORLD.

"Who could Mrs. Eugene Danvers be?"

Nina felt quite sure that she had no friends in New York who would sufficiently interest themselves in her welfare to prevent the infliction of any possible wrong from other sources; but feeling assured, on the other hand, that the warning of Caspar Lenox had not been without object, she beckoned the policeman to her side, and gave him the directions suggested.

The man stood for a moment doubting and in awe of so great a patron for the woman whom he had suspected of a crime, but finally took the lead, and bade her follow, while Nina, lost in wonder, submissively obeyed. The grandeur of Mr. Philip Danvers' residence impressed them each anew, as they moved, side by side, upon the tasseled walk, to the wonder of some fashionable callers just going out. Eugene was standing on the marble steps, when he caught a glimpse of them, and paused. The officer touched his hat, and waited to be addressed.

"Do you wish to see any one here?" asked Eugene, in his usually suave tones.

"This woman has come under the suspicion of the law, so that I could not exactly lose sight of her at once. She seems to think that Mrs. Eugene Danvers may testify as to her past character, as she once had the honor of serving her."

"My wife," said Eugene, in some surprise. "You must have known her then, my good woman, in another country. Are you a foreigner?"

"And you think Mrs. Danvers will do anything she can for one in any unmerited trouble. But what is your evidence?"

Nina explained, as briefly as she could, and ended by begging to be permitted to see the lady.

"It is a plausible story enough," said Eugene, kindly, "and I am sure I hope it may be true. Enter, officer, if you please, and you, too, my good woman. I will bring Miriam at once." He had shown them into a little reception-room to the left of the main entrance, when the rustling of a heavy silk dress was heard approaching them.

"Miriam, my love!" cried Eugene, "how fortunate. Here is a poor woman who thinks you can relieve her of a great embarrassment, by testifying as to her past character. Do you remember to have seen her before?"

The queen of high life, supreme in her beauty and the splendor of her attire, came in slowly, her coral lips wreathed with a gracious smile, while on the outcast's face was a mingled expression of hope and anxiety.

"Who are you?" Mrs. Danvers was saying, when a sight of the policeman's uniform caught her eye, and filled her with alarm.

Nina, too, had looked up, and instead of the humble plea for protection, which all had expected to hear, she now sprang to her feet with a startled cry, and strode towards the lady with dilated eyes, and a hand uplifted, as in imprecation.

The policeman briefly stated his grounds of suspicion.

"The beautiful little girl of Mrs. Rochester Leslie," said Miriam, turning to

towards her husband. "Ah, I am afraid this is sadly in keeping with what I have heard of this woman and her family before. Why did she come here to-day?"

"To ask you to establish my reputation as an honest woman among these strangers who know me not," said Nina, imperiously.

"I should like to oblige you," replied Miriam, with an amused smile, "but really, I think you are asking most too much of me. Eugene, you know nothing of your cousin in those days, but this woman—as she confesses to be the same—had much to do with her unhappy history. I have heard my first husband speak of her, also, as quite a plausible and interesting person—one of those cunning cases of insanity, which it takes quite a time to discover. I wonder that she should be permitted to go at large still."

"And you dare tell me this to my face?" cried Nina, furiously. "Just Heaven, is there no power to smite this scheming, soulless piece of iniquity?"

"Eugene," said Mrs. Danvers, with her sweetest smile, "may we not as well end this rather ridiculous interview?"

"It would have ended much earlier if I had had my way," replied Eugene, proudly. "Policeman, I think you have shown your discretion. You can now remove your woman."

"I refuse to go!" cried Nina. "I will not stir until I have torn the mask from this whitened sepulchre. The voice of poor Louis Dupre is crying to me for vengeance, and I will expose her."

"And, officer," said Miriam, as she took her husband's arm to leave the room, "pray remember that I know nothing whatever of this woman except by hearsay. I saw her once or twice, I can recall nothing before her infamy became generally known."

"Stay!" exclaimed Nina, in a frenzy.

"You shall not escape me! Stay, foolish, blindly-trusting husband, as you value your life!" but Eugene and his wife had already quitted the room, and as the desperate woman made a bound to follow them, the policeman seizing her by both arms easily slipped a pair of handcuffs upon her wrists, while Nina, bewildered with astonishment and terror, was led out, dumb as a lamb before its shearer.

The out-door air seemed to revive her, however, for as long as she was in sight she continued to look back, and to mutter direful imprecations between her clenched teeth upon the woman who had so coolly disowned and maligned her.

"Let her rejoice!" she cried. "She has prospered on crime, as only devils are permitted to do, but I have found her now, where it will be impossible for her to escape me again."

"Come," said the officer, warningly.

"Don't you think you have said enough?"

You will exhaust yourself talking, and you had better be cautious, if you don't

wish to go to the asylum as dangerous and incurable. If you have papers or

other showing that will be of service to

you, you had better direct me where to

get them, as you may, perhaps, have a

hearing to-morrow."

"Ah, bah! She will protract this interview to utter weariness on all sides,"

said Miriam, in an appealing tone,

"This is one of the cases, Eugene, in

which you would find that I might be

slightly bored. What is her present-of-

fence, officer?" Mrs. Danvers' self-pos-

sition was complete, her dignity regal,

while the outcast's eyes flashed fire, and

her whole frame was shaken with violent

emotion.

The policeman briefly stated his

grounds of suspicion.

"The beautiful little girl of Mrs. Ro-

chester Leslie," said Miriam, turning to

The robber had been well nigh frenzied with suffering and anxiety, and Moll had been dispatched half a dozen times to learn if the woman, whom Lenox had employed, had returned safely from her rather dangerous embassy. The unfortunate results to the latter were already known, but she managed to convey some intelligence of the money, and with this they were forced to be content for the night.

Moll herself was so delighted with the success of her scheme, that alike forgetful of the danger to others, and of the situation in which she had left her husband, she ran with dangerous rapidity up the steps of her accustomed haunt, and stumbled over Wally, who sat disconsolately rubbing a black eye, which he had received during her absence.

"He be awful!" he whispered, in terror. "Be a swearin' at you for the last hour."

"She opened the door rather nervously, and behold Ned writhing in pain, with Mother Crowley chattering and hobbling about him.

"Where have you been, you strolling jade?" he yelled out, with an oath, and before giving her time to answer he ordered the old woman from the room.

When she was gone Moll hastened to inform him that the money was secured.

"Then why the d—l don't you produce it?" he thundered.

She was now forced to inform him of the difficulty in which the woman who had undertaken to escort the child was involved; but st^ded the conviction of Lenox that she would be released from custody on the following day.

The man listened with ominously grim attention.

"Now hear me, my beauty," he exclaimed, at last; "never were you so fortunate as you have been this day. You have escaped a life's imprisonment, perhaps, by the skin of your teeth. Lay it to heart now, as you have never done less before, for, by the Lord, if you ever run your neck into such a noose again, I will help to strangle you with it; do you hear?"

"I thought it was for your good, Ned."

"Well, let that pass. Only be wiser next time, or you'll regret it. Now listen again, and see that you obey to the letter. Mother Crowley is wide awake, but she knows nothing whatever of the child's earnings, and they were of considerable value, I know. You two are to find the difference between you; so look well. Search everywhere, and if they are not discovered, send that boy Walter to me. He may have been sharp enough to take them, and I'll lay him alive if he does not bring them to me."

The boy heard as he still crouched by the door, and springing up as light as a cat, before she opened it, slipped into a small closet at the head of the steps until Moll had come out and crossed into the room where the child had been disrobed on the previous evening. Then he crept out again, and bending for an instant over a loose plank in the wall, he drew out something that glistened marvelously, even in the obscure twilight, and wrapping it in a tattered handkerchief, thrust it into his bosom. Then looking cautiously around, he espied Moll's old pocket-book lying on the wooden table, just outside the door, where she had laid it in her alarm, and slipping it into his pocket, moved on tip-toe to the stairway.

"Moll's chink will keep me from having to grab things to eat, as she told me

I was not to steal no more," he murmured, softly, apparently unconscious that he was violating her commands in taking the pocket-book. "And now I am going to run away."

With that he slid noiselessly down the steps and out again through the alley, speeding on as fast as his feet would carry him, and looking back now and then as though the avenger were at his heels, the darkness deepening on him at every step, for night had descended once more upon the great city.

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"Moll's chink will keep me from having to grab things to eat, as she told me

plied. "But she has been going too fast, as she will discover. You got off to-day, as I knew you would, and you have fairly earned your portion of the money. You may have need of it for her punishment may speedily begin."

"Only tell me how?"

"Through her child."

"Where is he?"

"Ruling the Danvers house as though he were the heir."

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes; he is like her, but has something of the father in his face, too. If she has a mother's heart, we can wring that first."

"Unnatural as she is, she did love the child. But what would you do with him?"

"What was done with Leslie's child, whom you restored? Entice him from her, and do not let him be taken back."

"Ah! why had I never thought of that?" she cried, springing up. "If he is the son of my poor Louis, let me have him. The sooner he is taken from her influence the better. But we can never compass that. The invincible barrier of a great position is between us now, and she would hunt us down."

"Let her know that my hand is in it, and she will not dare."

"But how will you begin?"

"Of that you need not be informed. The child shall be safely in your hands before it is one month older. Self-love is stronger than mother love with her, and when it is gone she will not dare to speak openly, however she may suffer. Only let the consciousness torture her when she lies down at night upon her bed of down that her very flesh and blood, whom she has pampered with every luxury, is in hunger and destitution, sleeping on a curbstone or in a den of robbers."

"Oh, what a head you have!" cried Nina, in involuntary admiration. "My revenge would be as nothing without you."

"Because no woman who acts alone can ever have sufficient caution. Only be quiet until you hear from me again."

Leaving the woman to seek her own lodgings, he returned to the humble boarding-house at which he usually slept, and retired to his room. When he appeared again, after a few hours, the night was already something advanced; but he drew his hat over his brow, and passing out into the street, moved on with the air of a man who had long been inured to hardships or to violent exercise. There was no lagging or weariness in the beat of his tread as regular as that of a drilled soldier. His glance wandered neither to the right nor left as he moved on, with his cloak drawn closely about the lower half of his face, and his slouch hat shading his brows, much as some dainty young man might have done to avoid injury to his complexion from the frosty night air.

At length he too stood in front of Mr. Philip Danvers' residence, from which subdued lights still gleamed over the beautiful grounds, adorned with statuettes and fountains. And as he sauntered slowly down the side wall of the enclosure, against which stood an outer building of smaller dimensions but exactly similar design with the main dwelling, he began to whistle an old national air, with unusual proficiency. When he had reached the rear of the enclosure, however, it became evident that his journey in that direction was ended, for he wheeled suddenly about and walking back, paused

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his ear, as she clutched his arm nervously with her disengaged hand. "I will not stand that. I had rather lose——"

"Does Miriam Danvers yet dream that you are——"

"No! no!" she again interrupted him, "do you suppose that this proud and victorious queen of fashion has any thought to bestow upon the housekeeper of her mother-in-law? Yet it seems to me that to be discovered, and cast out from this last refuge, would scarcely be so torturing as the lying hypocrite——always in danger of discovery—that I am forced to live out here from day to day."

"Yet you thought you would be better here than you could be in returning to the open discharge of your duty," he replied, in a strongly subdued tone.

"And what was my duty?" she asked, with a bitter laugh.

"To have remained with your husband," he answered, moodily.

"Husband! I have no husband. Did not the law divorce us long ago?"

"I know; but it was all your fault."

"My fault! Then let it be," she cried, "for not even such as you could blame a true woman in your heart who refuses to gang with robbers and creatures of her own sex, whose least offence in the eyes of God is to steal."

"Could I help the surroundings of my youth?" he replied, angrily. "And how often shall I assure you that my hands are as clean as yours of all those gross offences, which you seem more ready than the rest of the world to lay to my charge. It is enough for me, and should have been for you, that I am innocent. As long as there serve my purposes and help me to my revenge, I will not expose them."

"It matters not to me," she said, wearily. "A sister's interest, you confess, is all that you could claim—you, who have another lawful wife."

"Lawful hellebicks!" he ejaculated, with a bitter laugh. "It was as you have been told, a covenant of hatred to others. A bond of offence and defence between ourselves, that can now be dissolved when we will, for I then believed you dead. What was your object, when you had put the law between us, to leave me with the idea that you were no longer living?"

"Because," she answered, "I had trusted that I might be enabled to forget as I had been forgotten."

In the meantime she had passed over the marble-paved walk, and mounting the steps of the rear building, we have described, the two now passed into a handsomely furnished sitting-room.

Mary, continued the woman, to a servant girl who was waiting her return, "my brother has stepped in for a few moments. You can go up to my room until I call for you."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the girl, with the unmistakable Irish brogue, as she dropped a curtsey to the visitor and passed out; "but I can't say you and your brother are very much alike."

On entering the room, Maude Manning, as this woman will henceforth be known to the reader, had dropped the shawl from about her, and set the lamp upon the table. As she turned to look upon the man who had thus far received a dubious welcome, the light revealed more clearly a woman of medium height, with a quantity of dark' waving hair, brushed carelessly back from her temples, crowning a face a little worn by thought or sorrow—perhaps by both, yet still bearing many evidences of unmistakable beauty, together with an expression bespeaking great firmness and strength of character.

As her eyes rested upon her visitor an unusual light illuminated their soft depths, and the color in her cheeks came and went with a liveliness painful to behold; for Caspar Lenox, despite the many disadvantages that had so long encompassed him, was still, and in spite of himself, possessed of no small share of that conspicuous personal beauty which had especially characterized him in his earlier youth.

He, too, seemed unusually touched, and half avertting his head, the words seemed to escape him almost involuntarily.

Maude, a man reared in an atmosphere of vice, as I was, could not conquer his whole nature at a single effort. As long as you trusted me I was not wholly bad, for something seemed ever calling me back to you."

"Ah, you never loved me!" she cried, bitterly, clasping her hands before her eyes as though to shut out the very sight of him. "As a boy you won my heart; and when you lay sobbing at my feet, for you were not devoid of feeling in those days, and told me of the stain upon your name and the evil of your surroundings, in my girlish fancy I believed in you, and trusted you to my lasting sorrow. As long as I saw you struggling to separate yourself from the misdeameans of your youth and to mount upward in the social scale, I encouraged you with all my feeble power. But when you came back from college the accomplished gentleman that your wealthy patron had made you, and you told me of your newborn attachment of Leohora Danvers, you never saw that it cost me a single effort to renounce you as I bade you go to her and claim so gifted a bride, while I would remain the disinterested friend—the sister still."

"But the aristocratic bride and heiress, Leohora Danvers, would none of me; you remember, and chose her peer in position, that fascinating prince of thieves Arnold Leslie," replied Caspar, with a bitter laugh, "so why do you still harp on that theme?"

"Because," she meaned, "it was so mad in me then to imagine that you could ever care for me, when, in very spite, you came on the day of the wedding to claim my old promise and my hand in marriage. Would to heaven I had died ere I was so cruelly undeceived! They who have loved supremely once can never admit but the one passion into their bosoms."

"I loved you—I knew it even then—as I had never loved anything else in this life!" returned the man, with a deep sigh upon his brows, while he bent his glance upon the glowering fire. "I will confess that I was dazzled by the wealth, the beauty and accomplishments of Miss Danvers, and when Arnold Leslie, double-dyed hypocrite and villain that he is, had fraudulently won the prize for which, as man to man, he had no showing with me, it was not disappointed affection, as you afterwards chose to believe, but an inordinate thirst for revenge that induced me to resort to what you condemn as unscrupulous means for the working out of my purposes. I may have sacrificed to you my hatred of him, because the malignant rather than the tender feelings of my nature had been called into life, and suddenly nurtured from my

earliest recollections, but as I hope to live it was not through love of her."

"False, always false, first and last," mocked the woman, pitilessly. "Do you forget that you caused her husband, poor weak fool that he was, to thrust her from his door in the dead of night, and that, fleeing to you, she was murdered under the same disgraced roof that sheltered you?"

"It is the sweetest memory of my turbulent life," responded Lenox, savagely, "because I know he dares his maniacal hands against each other in fury at the thought of it as sits in the darkness of his prison cell to-night! If you were not a woman, and therefore an obstinate fool, Maude, I could tell you something this evening that would convince you I have never been as false to you as I seemed, though it would cause you to regard me as less a man than a *devil*."

"What greater proofs of your wickedness do I want?" she cried, with a look of terror. "Tell me nothing to deepen the loathing I feel for you at this moment. Would you convince me that the murder was done by your hand and not his? Would you add that last drop of bitterness to my cup?"

"How?" exclaimed Lenox, springing to his feet with an energy that terrified her. "Believe me the willing companion of renegades and felons, if you will; but would you add the sense of infamy to this by professing to believe that I have stained my hands with the blood of a human being, and that being a helpless thing like yourself, a woman?"

"Thank God for those words, Caspar!" she sobbed, while the tears streamed through her thin fingers.

"You always awaken the suspicion in me of possible sympathy between any other living thing and myself," Maude, did not come here to urge upon you the subject that has been so long dropped, by mutual agreement between us; but something stronger than ourselves compels me to say it again. Come back to me! I promise you nothing, only come back and try me once more."

"Come back!" cried Maude, bitterly. "When you have another wife! Come back in the face of the open shame of which you boast! There are no tortures, no death that would not be sweet compared to that!"

"Perhaps she was sorry for this retort, though heaven knows, even he could not condemn her, when she saw the swift

return of stormy and evil passions into her countenance, that had been almost

beautiful in its flush of tenderness before her hands dropped with almost lifeless listlessness to her side.

"Forgive me!" he said, with severe irony. "I had forgotten for the moment where I was. How do I know at what price you retain the capricious favor of this great house? Their corrupt race have paid very dearly for the smiles that have had power to lure them."

"Have you finished?" asked Maude, sternly, rising and pointing towards the door. "It grows late."

"Not exactly," he returned, with bitter feigned sadness. "I came here, as you guessed, on business. You have told me of the visible antipathy between Mr. Philip Danvers and this modern Jezebel, his son's wife. But it is of the child that I would especially inquire to-night. What are his amusements, who are his attendants, and where does he go to?"

"And suppose," replied the woman, facing him once more, "that I refuse to answer you, refuse to remain here and betray the secrets of this house to you or any other?"

"Then," returned Lenox, slowly, with a dark scowl upon his bent brows, "I, too, will show something of which a desperate will may be capable. I will lock that door and remain here with you until Philip Danvers himself shall be called to have it opened, though by doing, I should change places, etc., tomorrow's sun has set, with Arnold Leslie."

"Do it then, and I swear to you though I had the strength of Samson I would not put a hand to prevent it!" she cried, as she still stood trembling before him. "Let it all be over, the quicker the better."

"High words," he answered, scornfully; "but they weigh little with me. You have an object in staying here, and you will not lightly sacrifice that, I know."

And in truth his words seemed to recall some forgotten thought, for a look of fear, if not of submission, was instantly visible in expression and manner.

"Why do you ask?" she faltered.

"What would you learn? He is a turbulent bad boy—a terror to all the household, save poor, blighted Eugene."

"I know," replied Lenox. "One can expect nothing less. Does he visit you often?"

"God forbid!" exclaimed Maude, hurriedly.

"You would consider him a bad associate for your little nephew, whom, by the way, you have never let me see," said Lenox. "Well, perhaps you are right, but he cannot hurt me, and I must manage to see him often henceforth, by fair means or foul. Who is his most constant attendant?"

"The French maid, Allaine."

"It is of your own choosing that a messenger is required at all," he replied, eagerly, springing to his feet, as though he had been shot.

The woman repeated.

"Ah, then, by Heaven!" said Lenox, joyfully, "the way is open to me. I ask nothing easier. It is the same Allaine Rockford, who has been so mysteriously hid from justice, I know—a woman who stab'd her husband's mistress in the camp, and would have turned her murderer's blade upon him, had not the guards from whom she eventually escaped, dragged her away. And she is the confidential maid of Mrs. Danvers, and attendant of Master Cecil Dupre?"

"Yes."

"What a woman! What a woman," he exclaimed, in a half soliloquy. "Yet I shall close in on her in every quarter until she surrenders. The task will be far easier henceforth than I had hoped. And now, since you weary of the interview, I can bid you good night."

"And we are to meet no more?" she asked piteously.

"I cannot tell," he answered, coldly.

"That eccentric genius, Moll," he replied, with affected amusement. "The wife of our mutual friend, Ned Payne."

"And you would send those outlaws here?" she exclaimed, with her hands pressed to her throbbing temples, "when a glance of recognition from such a creature would be enough to cast suspicion on the noblest lady in the land!"

"It is of your own choosing that a messenger is required at all," he replied, eagerly, springing to his feet, as though he had been shot.

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"I cannot tell," he answered, coldly.

"You may remain unconscious of my existence after to-night, or I may write or come to you still, for I have told you, I scrupul not to make men, angels or devils serve this one purpose of my life."

"You are still bent on the same dark purpose," she said, again resting her small, almost transparent hand upon his arm. "Even now it may not be too late to return."

"Cease," he exclaimed, roughly, as he arose and shook off her touch. "Can I carry you back to what you were when I first crossed your path? You are mine again, though I have been to-night had Arnold Leslie never brought his foul treachery, and still blot out all the intervening years? As well seek to still the tumult of the ocean, which comes to us even here, with its never ceasing plaint."

"Such sophistry may do for her 'unuttered soul,' as you termed it, but it cannot pass with me."

"No," returned Lenox, with a shrug of his broad shoulders. "You can afford to moralize, but she has been trained to be an unquestioning instrument in her husband's hands. He bids her go here, or there, and she obeys. He says to her 'do this,' and she does it, as you, Maude, never could or would have done, no matter how deep the 'poetic tenderness,' which your *superior nature* might have entertained for one who had sworn to love, honor and obey."

"And he is training her for the gallows," said Maude, solemnly.

"As well, or better that, perhaps, than the gutter in which he found her, at ten years of age, crouched down, half clad in the snow, beside the carcass of a creature whom she still clung to as 'mother,'

and who had died there in a fit of delirious tremens," replied Lenox, moodily. "She has all the low cunning of practical vice, it is true; but if there is one thing, by heaven, that she should be esteemed for, it is that she does not recognize the necessity of putting on, over her very short dress, the conve- nient but to me like her, the often too transparent garb of an over-punitive virtue."

"Ah, this grows worse and worse," sobbed the unhappy woman, pitifully. "Why could you not at least leave me in the belief that faith, even in you, was not impossible?"

"It is you who wilfully murder that belief," he said, suddenly looking up at her. "Maude, Maude, if anything could ever have overcome the evil in me, it would have been you. What is there of possible sympathy between any other living thing and myself?" Maude, did not come here to urge upon you the subject that has been so long dropped, by mutual agreement between us; but something stronger than ourselves compels me to say it again. Come back to me! I promise you nothing, only come back and bring me once more."

"Ah, Mary, I have kept you waiting, you can go to your own room."

"Yes, ma'am, for sure an' my eyes are nearly out."

"Is St. Julian asleep?"

"Faith, he is—and sound as a dollar!"

"Thank you. Good night."

He had stood to the door, as he spoke, and stood for a moment looking out at the moonlight. Then he took up his hat hurriedly, as though afraid to trust himself to speak further, and went out. She followed him to the gate to close it after him.

"Casper——"

"Good night."

He was gone, and the street had ceased to echo his footfalls when she turned back into the house, and ascended the stairway that led to her private rooms. The servant girl sat dozing by the hearth.

"Ah, Mary, I have kept you waiting,

"Yes, ma'am, for sure an' my eyes are nearly out."

"Is St. Julian asleep?"

"Faith, he is—and sound as a dollar!"

"Thank you. Good night."

And as the girl went out, she closed and locked the door, and tottering towards a low bed, turned the covering until the fair face of a sleeping child met her tender gaze.

"Oh, my darling! my darling!" she cried, sinking down on her knees, and pressing her pale lips to the glowing cheek. "There is no hope—no hope, but to hide your very existence still, as the grand secret of my life, from your unnatural father!"

"It is the driver will know—Monsieur Eugene takes him sometimes. Oh! there are a thousand difficulties!" cried the woman, despairingly.

"Let it be worse than the twelve tasks of Hercules," replied Lenox, sternly.

"Yet, I repeat, it must be done. Now, listen to me. The boy must come here at some hour within the next two days, or you go to jail. You can take your choice."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SWEETS OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

BY MARGARET SWAYNE.

A babe at rest on mother's breast,
Too young to smile or weep,
Conscious of naught but mother's love—
So sweet is infant's sleep.

A child at play in meadows green,
Plucking the fragrant flowers,
Chasing the bright-wing'd butterflies—
So sweet are childhood's hours.

A maiden fair as early dawn,
Radiant with every grace,
Gladly the eye that looks on her—
So sweet is beauty's face.

A softly blushing, downcast look,
Murmur of startled dove,
Answering another's tender word—
So sweet is maiden's love.

A white-robed virgin kneeling low,
Before God's altar bows,
Forever joined to two hearts and hands—
So sweet are marriage vows.

A youthful mother bending o'er
Her bright and beauteous boy,
For whom she'll make no small part—
So sweet a mother's love.

A matron in life's autumn-time,
With years of life dimmed o'er,
Her children's children clasp their knees—
So rich is autumn's store.

An aged form, whose dimming eyes
Foretell departing breath,
Are closed by grateful, loving hands—
So sweet is peaceful death.

Six feet of grass grown flow'ry sod
On earth's kind shirring breast,
Forever freed from grief and pain—
So sweet eternal rest.

A NOCTURNAL VISITOR;
OR,
AN ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.

BY QUI HI.

During one of our shooting excursions in India, we moved our camp to a place called Belaspara, where there was a bungalow built by a sporting collector of the district, known by the sobriquet of "Tiger Tom," not because his disposition at all resembled that crafty and ferocious animal, but from the number of them he had killed.

One month every year—generally in April—Tiger Tom used to make up a party, and come to this bungalow, that he might pursue his favorite sport without having far to go in search of it. These entertainments were much enjoyed by his friends, for Tiger Tom was a facetious fellow, told capital stories, and always had an unlimited supply of Bass or Alissop.

For some time back the bungalow had been unoccupied and neglected, Tiger Tom having been carried off, not by one of his opponents, but by an equally dangerous foe—jungle fever. Now and then it was occupied for a few days by sportsmen from the neighboring stations, but very rarely; and it certainly presented a very desolate appearance as we rode up to it.

Long-neglected houses suffer in any country; but in this climate, with its moist soil, hot sun, and heavy rainy seasons, vegetation spreads with inconceivable speed, and the jungle had grown up to the very walls on the east and south sides. The house seemed to be stuck on the edge of a very dense jungle which stretched in the quarters I have mentioned, as far as the eye could reach; and one could not look at it without thinking of tigers and serpents, and all manner of wild beasts.

Riding to our tent, which was pitched under a tree at some distance from the bungalow, we bathed, dressed, and had our breakfast, and then strolled over to take a closer look at the place. To our surprise we found it occupied, for, on our approach, a mongrel cur, half-parrish and half bulldog, set up a furious barking, and brought out a European sergeant, his half-caste wife, and a couple of children.

He told us in an unmistakable Irish accent that his name was Murphy—that he was in charge of a salt station some dozen or so miles away; that he had come there that very morning for a little shooting, and had brought his family for a change and "diversion," not knowing that the bungalow was so dangerously near the jungle.

We dismounted and examined the place, and then the following colloquy was held:

"But how did you travel, Sergeant Murphy; and where are your servants and traps?"

"Och! yer honors, the natives (bad luck to the dirty scapleens), who drove the cart and attinded my powney, were frightened for wild bastes, and wouldn't stay at no price; so I sent them to a village two miles off, where they're to wait till I send for them. Only that chap," pointing to a servant in the verandah, "agreed to stay till evening to cook for us."

"Well, my good fellow," I said, "it does look like a place for wild beasts, and I feel pretty sure your bullocks and pony, and perhaps the natives, would have been devoured by tigers if you had attempted to keep them here. I would recommend you leaving the place, too, without delay, as your wife and children are not safe even in the day time—there may be lots of snakes about these ruins."

"Oh, we'll take care of ourselves, yer honor; and I've a nate gun here that'll astinsh the wakie minds of the creature if they come nigh us. I'll and yer honors a hancho of venison that I'm expecting to get, if ye'll condishind to accept it."

"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched, Murphy," said H.—laughing, "deer are not so easily shot in this thick jungle; and so I would advise you to take care, for you may come upon a tiger quite as readily."

Sergeant Murphy declared he was not afraid, but we would not leave him without a promise—his wife joining her entreaties to ours—that he would keep very near the house and on the skirts of the jungle.

At dinner time we sent over some things to help out the commissariat of the sergeant and his family, which we suspected would not be superabundant.

On looking out just before going to bed, I saw a light glimmering in the bungalow, which was about a quarter of a mile distant, but there was no sound to disturb the still night.

After paying a visit to our horses, and warming the saises and grass-cutters to watch by turns, and keep up a good fire (the materials for which had been collected in the afternoon), in case of nocturnal visits, we turned in.

It must have been some two or three hours after that I was awake by the call of "Sahib! Sahib!" just outside the canvas near which I lay, and on rousing myself sufficiently to remember where I was, for I was far away in my dreams, I recognised the voice of Kurreem Bux,

Selim's saia. "There must be something wrong at the bungalow, sir, for I hear shouting as if for assistance."

H—was by this time sitting up in his bed, listening, and we simultaneously jumped up and hurriedly dressed, ordering the lantern to be got ready. Snatching up our double-barreled guns, which were always kept ready loaded with ball, we hurried towards the bungalow, followed by some of our people, one of whom led the way with the lantern, for there was no moon and the light of the stars rather confused than aided us.

We were at no loss for the direction to go in, for the shouting of our friend Murphy guided us, and we were soon near enough to hear him say in his broadest brogue, but with some agitation in his tongue:

"Hallos, gentlemen, will ye come and kill the teegar that's got into the house? We'll all be murthered and eaten thereby."

Alarmed as we really were at this, we could scarcely refrain from laughing at the odd accents and speech of Murphy, but calling out that we were coming we ran on, not without some dread, however, lest we should come suddenly upon the animal, which we supposed, of course, to be outside the house (and not in) as stated by the sergeant.

On the side that we approached there was no jungle, nor was there any veranda to the house. The light of the lantern enabled us to see that there was a venetian door closed, and on one side of it was a small round hole such as is common in bath-rooms to admit air and light. It was from this aperture the voice of Murphy came, and we could just distinguish his hairy visage half through it.

On our inquiring where he had seen or heard the tiger, he said:

"Sure, and ain't the big baste at this blessed minute in our bid-room a crackling and crunching the bones of poor Kerry, and only a thin door between us, and the wife and the chilid like to die from fright."

"How did he get in?"

"Oh, I'll tell ye all about it in good time if ye'll only shoot the baste; but if ye don't make haste he'll be a ting us, and then I can't tell ye at all."

"But how are we to do that? Is there another door like this on the opposite side?"

"Yis; but it's my balaif the big divil has shut to the door with his tail whilst whisking about after poor Kerry—pace to his manes!" or else his manners, may be, will have taught him to close the door politely after him; anyway, it's my impression he can't get out again."

Wondering at the Irish love of joking even in such extremity, H— and I consulted what we should do. Listening to the closed door, we could distinctly hear a large animal moving about in the room, and as we could not see the faintest glimmer of light through the chinks of the not very sound janills (venetians), Murphy's surmise that the opposite door was closed appeared quite correct. We knew it was worse than useless to fire into the room before we could see to the aim, as we only might miss the brute altogether, but should infuriate him, so that in his boundings he might burst open the bathing-room, when the consequences would be fearful. So the plan, evidently, was to wait as patiently as we could for daylight, when, if the animal remained in the room, we could soon settle him.

We had to wait an hour before the faintest streak of gray appeared in the eastern sky. In tropical countries the light comes, and goes very rapidly, and there was soon enough for our operations after the dawn had once begun. We opened one of the janills, and when the room was accustomed to the dim light discovered a huge tiger lying on the floor, very much in the attitude of an uneasy cat who had made her way into the dairy, and waits for the door to be opened to spring out. The noise we made, slight as it was, made the brute jump up and turn to glare fiercely at us. It was just the attitude we wanted. Hastily arranging which should aim at the head and which at the chest, we leveled and fired all four barrels. When the smoke had cleared away we saw the grim monarch of the jungle stretched dead, and we shouted a triumphant pean, which soon brought Murphy and his family out, though the children screamed at the sight of the dead animal.

Murphy opened the door through which we had fired, and we entered and soon discovered the mystery of the animal's entrance and detention. The opposite door (which Murphy assured us had fastened) had a bolt only at the bottom, the top one having fallen out, but there was no socket, or whatever it is called, to receive it. The bolt had thus dropped down unfastened, and Murphy thought it was all right, not perceiving the real state of the case. The dog—some small remnants of which were still unconsumed—must have gone out at hearing the noise made by the tiger in the verandah, and rushed back in alarm, followed by the hungry beast. The table, which lay against the door, and kept it closed, must have been thrown down (shutting the door at the same time) either in the struggle between the tiger and its victim, or by the sergeant and his wife as they rushed, each with a child, into the bathing-room. Fortunately for the helpless creatures, the unwelcome visitor was too intent upon seizing the dog to notice them, so that they had time to escape into the only place of shelter at hand, Murphy, in his haste and fright, forgetting all about his gun, which rested against the wall in a corner of the room.

The sun was now up, and there was no fear of any more unpleasant occurrences for some hours at least; so, making our people drag the carcass out of the room and obliterate the marks of the struggle as much as possible, we left the Murphys, promising to send for their servant and conveyances, so that they might leave the place at once, even Sergeant Murphy acknowledging that he had had enough of it.

"All the gould of Inja," said he, "wouldn't tempt me to keep the wife and chilid in this dairys house another night; no, not if I'd be made governor of old Ireland for it. And poor Kerry, if he could speak, which he can't, being a-teen up-thirsty—letting alone his being a dumb baste—would say the same."

This world often for us takes hue and aspect from the predominant state of our spirit; it seems summerly or winterly, dark or bright, according to the change of our inward times and seasons. We breathe upon it the summer power or winter power that makes it seem as we are.

MURDER WILL OUT.

BY AN EX-DETECTIVE.

I was for many years a detective in the Victoria police, in Australia, and though since then I have been in various parts of the world, and have had some pretty hard cases, I once had a matter to find out on the very slightest information received, which required all my skill and all the resources of my long experience. I think it well deserves a place among the detective notabilities which have of late years furnished such curious illustrations of the science of crime-discovery:

There lived in the town of H— an oldish man, who was reported to have made somewhere a good "pile." He was a thorough hermit; seldom stirred out, except to go to the store and buy a few necessities, for which he always paid, and never was known to beat down or haggle about the price of anything. This naturally led to the surmise that he had plenty of money. Near him lived another single man in a slab and bark hut; he was a shoemaker by trade, but in a small township like this his customers were but few, and his livelihood precarious. He was known to be as poor as his neighbor was supposed to be rich, and was as much dependent on the forbearance of his creditors as the other was on his ready money. Between these two solitary men, living on the river side, there sprung up a strangely intimate friendship; always after breakfast, often through the day and regularly at night, they had their pipe together, sometimes with a pannikin of tea only, at others with a glass of grog. There was a dim mystery hanging over the supposed rich man's history; where he had come from, or how he had made his money none knew, and his churlish ways forbade any one to ask him; he and the shoemaker were all the world to each other, and beyond that neither seemed to care anything. In this uniform, but curious mode of life, weeks and months passed away; the only difference observable being, that although Stevens, the shoemaker, seldom had no more customers than formerly, he now seemed to have money always at command, and not only paid off his old scores, but had ready money for all he needed.

One morning, however—it was in the winter season, and the Glenelg was rolling its turbulent waters, muddy and swift, down to the sea—the old man's hut was not opened; wood splinters passing by observed that the old hermit was not sunning himself and smoking his "cutty" as usual, and that night Stevens came running into the township greatly excited, and calling on Mr. T. at the inn, told him that, not having seen old Jeffrey all the day, he had forced an entrance into the hut, but that the old man was not there, and what had become of him he did not know. A policeman, for H. is a police station, was immediately sent to take charge of the hut until the magistrates should make inquiry. Some days after the inquiry was made, but nothing came of it, further than the suspicion that Jeffrey had met with foul play. Still nothing was proved, nor could be proved, until the body could be found; for eccentric as the old man was, who could say he had not got up in the night, and as suddenly started from H., as he had once suddenly made his appearance there? As soon as intelligence of this affair reached headquarters at Melbourne, the master was placed in my hands, with instructions to exercise my own discretion in my proceedings, absolving me from all disgrace if I failed, and promised me one hundred pounds if I succeeded. My plan was adopted after much consideration, and I have no reason to regret the steps I took, as will be seen in the sequel.

I took the little steamer Western, Captain Lucas, in Portland, 290 miles, and after stopping a day or two at Mac's celebrated hotel, I started by the mail for the far interior.

After three days' journey I arrived at H. as a "traveler," looking for a job of work; I had a tolerably heavy swag, and this, with my pannikin and billy, gave me all the appearance of a *bouffé* one. I went straight up to the bar, had my noble, lighted my pipe, and then sat down outside to consider my next movement. It was necessary I should have some one in my confidence, but I resolved not to trust the local police, as in these remote stations their life of idleness often makes them loafers and gossips. I resolved to call Mr. T., the hotel-keeper and postmaster, aside—he had been an officer in the army many years—and tell him my errand.

I did so—never was secret better kept—and returned as if nothing had occurred. Towards evening the bar was pretty full, and I took the opportunity of saying publicly to Mr. T. that I was out of work, that I was a groom, that I did not want to go on a station, and should be glad of a chance job. He at once told me to go to his stables and tell his foreman to take me on as an extra stable hand. I gave Mr. T. my swag to take care of, it contained my uniform, and my authority from headquarters to act as a detective. He understood all, and that was sufficient.

As groom I remained here seven months; able for a long while to do nothing, but feeling more and more confident that the general suspicion of Stevens was well founded. Of course I became intimate with him, but only in the evenings when my work was done; in all respects I acted as an ordinary groom, receiving my weekly wages, and carefully avoiding everything that might lead anyone to suppose I was anything but a groom. Often have I laughed within myself as a mounted trooper has ridden up, and called me to take his horse and give him a feed; however, I kept my own counsel, and little by little light dawned upon my track.

Over the morning broke he had confessed everything to me. I had always been a good fellow, and he didn't mind telling Mr. T.'s groom everything. He had entered the old man's hut at midnight, beat in his skull, put the body in a sack, and, food that he was, put it in his own lapstone along with other stones to make it sink, and had hid his money beneath the mud floor of his cottage.

The next morning we were both brought before the magistrate of the district, charged as aforesaid. On being asked what I had to say, I handed the magistrate my authority to act as detective, and requested to be placed in the witness-box, as he had a charge of murder to bring against Stevens, who was there on the minor charge. In less time than it takes to tell this I had left the room, and greatly to the bewilderment of everyone, especially of the local police, the well-known groom at H. was in his uni-

cared where the money came from. My eyes, however, were steadily fixed on his drinking habits as the clue to my researches. Summer was now coming on; though it was a late summer, it was a regular hot Australian one; and in the course of a few weeks the Glenelg began to dry up, and its long chain of water-holes to appear.

Now was the time for ascertaining whether the remains of the old man were to be found in any of the water-holes in the neighborhood of H., and one evening as I was talking to Stevens about this, I said, "you or I may as well try and find the remains of Jeffrey, and so lay claim to the Government reward." I noticed this gave him quite a turn; and although he tried to conceal it, I saw that he trembled all over, and though generally very mild spoken, he got quite angry with me, and told me I might do what I liked, but he wasn't so fond of looking after dead men, especially if they were murdered. I replied, "No one said that Jeffrey was murdered; you have always said he made away with himself." "I thought so once, but now the more I think over the matter, the more I am convinced that he was murdered." "That has to be proved," said I, "and to prove it we must first find the remains, and as the river dries up I have no doubt we shall find them in one of the water holes near his hut." This was not exactly a guess, but was a conclusion arrived at thus: Stevens was a slight-built man, and, supposing him to have been the murderer, could not have carried Jeffrey far, and secondly, every one knows that murderers seldom have nerve or forethought to carry their victims far from the scene of the murder. As soon as I had said this he became very pale, and said, "Well, we had our glass, and parted for the night; but my mind was already made up." Stevens, beyond doubt, was the murderer, and I must obtain the proof. I am not going to defend our code of morals; I admit that we often do evil that good may come; but society should not employ us to find out dark crimes if they mean to condemn us for our questionable methods of procedure. It was now late in January, and the weather was intensely hot. It was surprising to see how rapidly the Glenelg ceased to be a river, and how each day the water-holes became shallower and shallower.

Prompted by me, Mr. T. obtained from a neighboring magistrate orders for the police to examine every water-hole within a mile on either side of old Jeffrey's hut. As soon as this was known Stevens was down at the bar, trying, I suppose, to smother his memory in deep potions of whisky. Directly the police commenced searching the river I discharged myself, and having obtained my cheque proceeded, or pretended, to spend it after the usual up-country fashion, which, as everybody knows, means staying in the bar and shouting right off the reel. This I did not exactly do; I kept myself sober as a judge, behind the scenes I prompted everything, through Mr. T. I suggested every step that had hitherto been taken, and now had only to wait the result of the searching and dragging these water-holes. Those who know the country know that this is no easy matter and also that it occupies considerable time. Sometimes only two or three could be searched in a day; on others more.

While this was going on, Stevens became almost a resident in the bar, seldom leaving it, but betraying the most intense and childlike curiosity as to the result of the search. "Have they found anything?" or, "Haven't they found anything yet?" or, "Well, I should have thought they would have found something by this time," were expressions that frequently fell from his lips.

It was, I think, the fourth day of search, and Stevens had been drinking hard all the time; on the afternoon of that day a sack was found with human remains in it at the bottom of a hole; and on the evening of that same day drink and excitement had rendered Stevens incapable of taking care of himself, and, at my suggestion, he was conveyed to the lock-up, drunk and disorderly. I, too, though perfectly sober, affected to have been out on the spree, and was also locked up in the same place with Stevens, and my name also entered on the night charge-list as drunk and disorderly.

I never saw such a change in a man as came over Stevens when he found I was locked up with him. The effects of the drink were passing away, owing to the strong mental excitement produced by the discovery of these remains; and no sooner was the lock turned on me, than he clasped me by the hand as the "Groom that had always been so friendly," and began to cry pitifully like a child. His thoughts were running on the murder, and I resolved to use the opportunity. To make this right, I began, "I say, Stevens, do you know they have found the old man's body. It was in a sack, and the sack was weighted with stones; and one of the stones, they say, was your lapstone. The skull is broken in two places, so that it is plain he must have been murdered. What made you talk about him in your sleep just now?" "Did I?" what did I say? "You said if they would let you off, you would show them where his money was." (This he said in his sleep.) Upon this he gave a convulsive shriek, fell back upon the straw, and exclaimed, "Yes, I know old Jeffrey; but I don't peach on me; they can only bring me up for being drunk and disorderly, and I'll give you half the money. I say, groom, you won't peach, will you? I will leave these parts. I have had too much whisky. Let me sleep; I

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS;

THE FAIRY SPY-GLASS.

BY IDA FAY.

Once there was a little boy named Alfred, and he heard so many fine stories about Fairyland that he fancied he should like to go and see it. It happened, too, on one of his birthdays, that his fairy godmother sent him a fairy picture-book for a present—a wonderful little book, just the kind you would like! for it had not only a lovely blue silk cover, with a golden clasp, but within was full of lovely pictures that were continually changing. Now it was a brook in Fairyland, in which little fairies with rainbow wings were chasing each other; and now it was a room in the Fairy Queen's palace, where you are sure to find just the toy or book that you wish; and now it was a great bank of flowers, that grew again as fast as picked; and now it was the splendid rose-colored palace of the Fairy Queen herself, or the great golden gates, with merry little sunbeams hanging on the bars.

All this made Alfred ten times as anxious to go to Fairyland, and of every one he met he asked the way. But the big, bustling, grown-up people only said:

"Pho! pho! get out of the way! There isn't any Fairyland!"

And so, Alfred was no wiser than before.

But, one day, it happened that Alfred caught a sunbeam hiding away in a flower-cup; and, though the little bright-winged fellow tried hard to get away, Alfred held him fast.

"You shan't go till you tell me how to find Fairyland," he said to the sunbeam.

"That's easy enough. You must buy a fairy spy-glass, and then you will find it fast enough," answered the slippery little rogue, sliding out of Alfred's fingers.

Alfred went home quite charmed; and, getting all the money out of his box, went to the shop to buy a fairy spy-glass.

The man smiled at him.

"We don't keep fairy glasses here, my boy," said he.

So Alfred was no better off than before, till one day he caught an old brown grasshopper, when, straightway, he heard a small voice squeaking:

"My little boy, don't you hurt my poor old pony. I brought him out for a little exercise. He is getting very feeble."

Alfred looked all about him, and saw, sitting on a toadstool, a bright-eyed little lady, about as long as his thumb. She was wrapped from head to foot in a large cloak made out of butterflies' wings, and, by way of improving her time, was knitting stockings out of a ball of spider's web, or diamond needles that few so fast you could scarcely see them. "I won't hurt your pony," said Alfred; "but if you are a fairy, madam, as I think you are, I should like you to tell me how to get to Fairyland."

And then he told her the story about the sunbeam.

"You must get a fairy spy-glass, true enough," said the fairy; "but you cannot buy it, except with fairy money."

"But how can I get fairy money?" asked Alfred.

"You must earn it," answered the fairy, "by doing good and kind deeds. Here is a little box," taking a tiny black box out of her pocket. "Every time you keep your temper, or do something kind or generous, you will find in it a bit of fairy gold; but when you forget and are bad, you will find one less in the box. When the box is full, take it out into the forest, and you will find an old man who has fairy spy-glasses for sale. And now, will you please give me my pony, as it is time we were off."

Alfred set down the grasshopper, and the little lady jumping on his back, was off in a twinkling; but he went home with the box in his pocket, happy indeed, for he fancied it wouldn't take a week to fill so small a box. Just as he reached home, he met a very pitiful-looking boy. He was ragged and barefoot, and so weak with hunger that he could scarcely drag himself along; but Alfred was going to pass him by without giving him even a penny, because he had decided to buy a new coat with the money in his pocket, when he happened to see his uncle John looking out of the window. Now, uncle John was always very good to the poor, and liked to see Alfred doing a generous act.

"And, perhaps," thought Alfred to himself, "he will give me the money back besides."

So he emptied all the money in his pocket into the poor boy's hand; and when he got into the house, his uncle patted him on the head, and called him "good boy." He gave him, besides, a gold piece. But just then Alfred remembered his fairy box.

"There will be something in it," thought he. "I have been so generous perhaps there will be two pieces."

But, to his astonishment, there was nothing; and when he shook and rattled it, to hear if anything would clink, a little voice said in his ear, "you can't earn fairy money, little boy, by good deeds which are already paid for."

Alfred was quite sulky; but he began to think about it, and made up his mind that perhaps it wasn't so very good of him, after all, to give away money that might be prised and get it back again; on which, quite mortified, he went to bed.

On the next day, as he was playing, his little brother came to him to mend his cart. Alfred hated to stop, for he had his soldiers drawn up in a row behind a wall made out of a box-cover; and he had just brought up two small tin cannon, and a wooden cart for an ambulance. He was, you see, in the very heat of the battle—and I don't suppose any general would like to be disturbed just then to mend carts. He was about to send his little brother off with a cross "get away!" when he happened to remember what his mother was always telling him about being patient and obliging; and, on that, he put down his canon, and mended the cart, as pleasantly as possible. "Clink!" went something softly in the little box in his pocket. He pulled it out in such a hurry, that his hands fairly trembled, looked, and there, true enough, was a bit of fairy gold.

The next day, going to see a little sick friend, who was not so rich as he, he found him lying on a poor little bed, his cheeks red with fever.

"I wish," said the little "pink boy." "Oh, I do so wish for some grapes. My mouth is so dry, and tastes so. But mamma says that they cost so much, and she has hardly money enough for medicine."

At that, Alfred began to think of the splendid basket of hot-house grapes that uncle John had brought him that morning. He was very fond of grapes, and he had intended to have a picnic out on the lawn, and have Nellie bring her dishes and beg some cake of mamma. He couldn't make up his mind to give up all this at once; but, at last, he got out the grapes from his drawer, and wrote on a card, "For Georgey," and sent them to the sick boy. He had hardly done it, when clink! clink! came two little fairy bits more into his box.

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assumption that a large rebel force was charging down upon them. At the same moment, the Sepoy cavalry was seen to emerge from a slope on the further end of the plain in rapid pursuit. A large body of rebel infantry, with some guns, had followed the horsemen from Futtehpur, and having placed their field pieces in position, opened fire at long range, as if daring the troops to the attack. The challenge was promptly accepted, and the soldiers having formed for the advance, General Havelock rode down the column of the Seventy-eighth Regiment, which had served with him in the Persian war, and addressing the men, said

"Highlanders! when we were going to Mohamrah, I promised you a field day. I could not give it you then, as the Persians can away; but, Highlanders, we will have it to-day, and let your fellow-soldiers see the stuff you are made of."

A hearty cheer followed this address, and the command to advance was given. Guns and skirmishers were ordered to the front; the artillery pushed on in line with the Enfield rifles, and soon came into close action with the guns of the enemy, of which three were taken, after a brief interchange of shots that established the superiority of the English fire in point of precision and rapidity. From these guns the mutineers rapidly fell back upon a second battery formed on the road in the rear, where they again attempted to make a stand. By this time the skirmishers on both sides were hotly engaged, and the enemy's cavalry were moving round with the purpose of outflanking the rear, so that the advance of the English guns was retarded by the imperative necessity of halting to open fire on the right and left, in order to check the horsemen and drive them from their flanks. The ground was so soft and muddy, that the tired bullocks, assisted by the gunners, could scarcely move the pieces, but it was finally accomplished, and Havelock's artillery again came into action with the enemy's guns and infantry directly in front. Among the latter was seen a large elephant, richly caparisoned, bearing the commander of the whole Sepoys, and it was plain to see that all their movements were directed from that quarter. One of the English artillermen, suspecting that this might be Nana Sahib himself, and certain, at any rate, that he was the most important personage in the rebel army, carefully trained his gun at the man and fired. It was a well-aimed shot, but instead of striking the Sepoy general, the solid shot hit the elephant, and as the mountainous mass was hurled forward the leader had barely time to leap out of the car. This sudden fall of the Sepoy commander produced a partial panic, and their army made another retrograde movement, abandoning their guns, while the wearied English dashed forward in pursuit until the town of Futtehpur was reached, when the rebels attempted to make another stand amongst the gardens and houses, but they were speedily dislodged and driven out by those whose blood was fired at the prospect of avenging the outrages upon their countrymen.

The entrance to the main street at Futtehpur, was blocked up by a barricade, so compact, and placed in such an advantageous position, that it was supposed to be a defence thrown up by the foe, where they had determined to make a final stand, but after being battered down, it was discovered to be nothing more than an immense pile of the enemy's baggage wagons, which had become jammed into such inextricable confusion, that they were obliged to abandon it, and the men were tired to fury by constantly discovering among the treasures, dresses, jewels, and other relics taken from the English women who had been murdered and despoiled by these merciless hounds. As soon as the way was cleared, the guns were hurried forward, and the last shot was fired at the enemy's infantry in full flight a mile beyond the town. During this battle, the Sepoy cavalry displayed an activity that amazed the British. They moved and worked their forces at different points with astonishing rapidity, and their field manoeuvring was almost faultless.

The irregular Oude cavalry showed such a rebellious spirit in the face of the enemy in the action of July 12, and again two days later, that General Havelock dismounted and disarmed them. On the 14th the march to Cawnpore was resumed, the precipitancy of the rebels' flight being shown in the chests, cart-ridges, shot, clothing, tents, arms and accoutrements scattered along the entire way.

Among the spoil thus abandoned on the route, a store of forty barrels of English porter was discovered by the pursuers, and never did "liquid refreshments" vanish more quickly than did that.

That night General Havelock encamped at Kulicapoorn, only twenty-two miles from Cawnpore, and at dawn on Wednesday morning, July 15, the united force under this daring and skillful general recommenced the advance, with the knowledge that the enemy had again collected in force and thrown up entrenchments a short distance from Kulicapoorn. After a march of five miles, the rebels were overtaken near a small village called Ooug, when the fight recommenced the instant the two forces came within range of each other. It raged with unexampled fierceness until night, when the mutineers were driven from every position. At this time tidings reached the Europeans that a still heavier fight awaited them on the morrow. The whole of the Sepoy regiments at Cawnpore—about four thousand in infantry and five hundred horse—had been brought down by Nana Sahib himself, who, appreciating the desperate situation, had taken up a position at the fork of the Grand Trunk road, about four miles from Cawnpore, where one road branches off into cantonments and the other continues directly on to Delhi. Here they had snugly entrenched themselves, with heavy guns placed so as to command the road and sweep it with aanking fire.

The ferocious resistance of the mutineers and their immense numbers convinced General Havelock that he needed reinforcements before engaging in the final struggle, and he had previously made a pressing requisition upon the officer commanding at Allahabad. On the 16th, Brigadier General Neill started two hundred and twenty-sixes of the Eighty-fourth Regiment, with orders to march twenty-sixes a night, so as to reach Cawnpore in five days. On the same day, General Neill turned over his command to Captain Hay, of the Seventy-eighth Highlanders, and started by day (or relay of post-wagons), the sooner to reach the same point.

On the morning of July 16th, the English were only twenty-two miles from Cawnpore, and they were determined to be within the city before the rising of the next day's sun. The troops bivouacked within eight miles of their destination, and at 1 P.M., were again in motion. This march was one of the severest ever made in India. In the fervid midday heat, each man fully armed and accoutred with a full compliment of ammunition, pressed on toward the doomed city. Knowing the position of the guns, a flank movement was made, when the rebels opened upon them.

Then began one of the most sanguinary battles of the war. The Highlanders charged into the village, and went at it hand to hand, driving out the mutineers street by street and house by house, and at night the English bivouacked on the plain beyond the grand parade ground at Cawnpore.

At daybreak on the 17th, a huge pillar of smoke was soon issuing from the city, which was soon followed by a heavy detonation, and it became known shortly after that Nana Sahib had blown up the grand magazine and arsenal, and had ignominiously fled. A few hours later, General Havelock and his troops marched into Cawnpore.

From a memorandum in the Mahratta language, made by one of the guards, it appears that there were two hundred and ten European women and children confined in the building known as the Sambad Kothar. For some time after the treacherous occupation of Cawnpore by Nana Sahib, he took every means to assure the inhabitants, by proclamation and military displays, that the rule of the English in India was ended forever. No doubt he was sanguine of an overwhelming triumph at Futtehpur, but, when tidings reached him of the irresistible advance of the conquerors, he sent reinforcements after reinforcements until he gathered all the available troops that were left, and headed them himself.

The preceding chapter has already told his utter discomfiture, and his own cowardly flight back to the city. His appearance here caused the wildest panic, and from noon until midnight, nothing but frenzied moods were seen rushing toward Lucknow and Delhi, while others concealed themselves among the neighboring villages.

Immediately after the defeat of the mutineers at Futtehpur, several spies (whether real or imaginary is uncertain) were brought to the Nana and reported to be the bearers of letters, supposed to have been written to the British by the suffering women in the prison; and with some of the Malangars and Bengalees of the city were believed to be implicated. The Nana thereupon issued orders that the spies, together with all the women and children and several men whose lives had been spared under the promise of a ransom, should be put to death, and that the Baboos of the city, and every person who could read or write English, should have their right hands and noses cut off.

The native spies, as they were called, were first put to the sword; and after a half dozen gentlemen, who were brought from the out-buildings in which they had been confined, and were shot. The executioners then advanced to the door of the building where the ladies were imprisoned, and commanded them in a loud voice to come out; but they knew what such an order meant, and refused to do so. They were threatened with being killed unless they were unless they did so; but this only caused the mothers to clasp their children closer to their breasts, while the others clung together, determined that after having shared so many perils, they would die together. An attempt was then made to drag them forth, but they clung so close it was impossible, and, losing all patience, the troopers brought muskets and began firing through the doors and windows. When a perfect storm of shot had been sent among the shrieking innocents, they rushed in with sword and bayonet to complete the work. Many of the women clasped the knees of their murderers and begged in the most pitiful manner that their lives might be spared; but in no case was mercy shown. From a little before sunset until candlelight, on the 16th of July, 1857, was occupied in this massacre. The doors were then locked for the night, and the murderers went to their homes. Early in the morning they returned, and upon opening the doors found that some ten or fifteen women, with several children, had managed to escape from death by hiding under the murdered bodies of their fellow prisoners.

A new order was sent to put these to death, learning which, the survivors dashed through the doors into the compound, and threw themselves headlong into a large well. Those that had been murdered were then dragged forth and cast upon them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LOVE swings on little hinges. It keeps an active little servant to do a good deal of its fine work. The name of the little servant is tact. Tact is nimble-footed and quick-fingered; tact sees without looking; tact has always a good deal of small change on hand; tact carries no heavy weapons, but can do wonders with a sling and stone; tact never runs its head against a stone wall; tact always spies a symphon tree up which to climb when things are becoming crowded and unmanageable on the level ground; tact has a cunning way of availing itself of a word, or a smile, or a gracious wave of the hand; tact carries a bunch of curiously-fashioned keys, which can turn all sorts of locks; tact plants its monosyllables wisely, for being a monosyllable itself it arranges its own order with all the familiarity of friendship; tact—alas, versatile, diving, running, dying tact—governs the great world, yet touches the big baby under the impression that it has not been touched at all.

EVEN condition in life has its advantage and its peculiar sources of happiness. It is not the houses and the streets which make the city, but those who frequent them; it is not the fields which make the country, but those who cultivate them. He is wisest who best utilises his circumstances, or, to translate it, his surroundings; and happiness, if we deserve it, will find us, wherever our lot may be cast.



(Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to our Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia.)

ENIGMAS.

1.

I am composed of 37 letters.
My 29, 6, 25, 23, 21, 13 is part of a boat.

My 16, 30, 1, 9 is a musical instrument.
My 4, 35, 16, 5, 33, 10, 20 was a celebrated king—mentioned in the Bible.

My 18, 3, 41, 14, 32 is a planet.

My 28, 26, 7, 28, 23 was the discoverer of one of the greatest of modern inventions.

My 11, 30, 36, 6, 24, 27 is yet to come.
My 4, 37, 19, 8, 20, 14, 12 is the name of a tree.

My 11, 16, 34, 29, 15, 31, 4, 9 is a city in Italy.

My 2, 23, 29, 28, 4, 37, 21, 16, 16 was a great astronomer.

My 28, 17, 16, 22, 3, 20, 36 is what all business men like to be.

My 37, 5, 10, 25 was an English poet.

My 11, 24, 17, 25 I will soon be here.

My whole is a proverb.

NANCY.

2.

I am a small word, and, if read from the right,

I'm the emblem of all that is lovely and bright;

But feared and abhorred, if read from the left—

I prowl in the dark, and am noted for theft.

B. J. BROWN.

CHARADES.

1. My first I hope you are; my second I see you are; my whole I know you are.

GAHMER.

2.

When in the condition my first doth imply,

We both see and we think, we laugh and we cry;

Made of six letters, and syllables two,

It pertains to all animals breathing like you.

W. F. MANN.

3.

My first with sweetness divine is fraught;

It never by mortal hand was wrought;

Surmounting her coils of shining hair;

My second becometh the maiden fair;

Fretted and carved, or studded with pearls,

It gleameth amid her braids and curls;

Foil is my whole of rich stored cells,

The artist who maketh my first there dwells.

SIRIBO.

SURPRISE PROVERB.

Nobody can tell it if you don't say it.

A sparrow may fly as high as it will,

but it will remain a sparrow still.

Dogs that quarrel will come limping home.

Always in time; too late is a crime,

Love me, love my dog.

Masters are mostly the greatest servants in the house.

Not severe on any one's faults, except your own.

Cut the loof fair, if you eat it all.

A mewing cat is a bad mouse.

Keep clear of debt and law.

Dog days; ladies, beware of puppies.

One word taken from each proverb, in rotation, will give another proverb.

SIRIBO.

WORD SQUARE.

1. The noblest liquor this, I claim;

2. The rainbow's colour this will name;

3. A name oft found among woman kind;

4. A "hairy man" brings to your mind.

GAHMER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A British general of the Revolution.

2. Is a town of Wisconsin.

3. A lake of New York.

4. A gentleman's name.

My initials form the name of a flower, and my final the name of a fish.

LITTLE ONE.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A vowel. 2. What all must come to.

3. The reverse of dark. 4. An island.

5. A delicious fruit. 6. A hotel.

7. A consonant. Centrals form an island.

LITTLE ONE.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why are political harangues like certain rivers?

2. Why is a man that fails in kissing a girl like a shipwrecked fisherman?

3. Why is Gilott accountable for much dishonesty?

4. Why are the Marys the most amiable of their sex?

5. What is the difference between a wife and an editor?

6. What is the shape of a kiss?

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 15.]

ANSWER to "Our Own Sphinx," No. 9, Vol. 54.

HIDDEN RIVERS.—1. Don. 2. Dwina.

3. See. 4. Severn. 5. Boyne. 6. Derwent.

7. Po. 8. Loure. 9. Ebro. 10. Orne.

11. Meuse. 12. Marne. 13. Wesser. 14. Bog.

ENIGMAS.—1. The letter M.

2.

M u M

A n n A

D e e D

A n n A

M i n I

CHARADE.—Palace.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You won't, Milly."

"You are quite mistaken; that is what I mean to do."

"Milly, in memory of our old love, I beseech you to do me this favor. My heart is already so full of sorrow, that if it had to bear one more, it would break."

"We might bring it entirely on yourself. We might have been quite happy if you had chosen. You told my father that you did not believe the tale he fabricated in order to separate us."

"But I did believe it all the while."

"You seem to have told a good many stories," said Milly, contemptuously.

"But you would have a man respect his oath, Milly?"

"It is better to break your word than to break any one's heart."

"I don't wonder that you reprobate me; it must seem hard, all this mystery. But Heaven knows it is not my fault. Go away at your father's wish, and try to forget, in brighter scenes, that such an unfortunate creature as Herbert Benson ever existed."

There was a minute's silence.

Milly was weeping stealthily, and Herbert could find no word of comfort. Presently she looked up, and said, still sobbing, "I thought you told papa you had bought the license?"

"So I did."

"Was it another falsehood?" He bowed his head in shame.

Though it was to save Milly he had done all this, when she taxed him with it, he forgot the motive, and only remembered the ignoble meanness—the sin of lying.

"Alas!" he said, faintly; "you do not know how much you have cost me, Milly; I could almost wish you never might, because I believe it will hurt you sadly to recognize how much harder your reproaches have made a hard task."

"Are you going?" she sighed out, softly, as she saw him turn.

Yes, Milly, I am going. Remember the promise I made you some time back, that you should be taught to hate me, in spite of myself; and—and—Heaven bless and keep you, forever and ever!"

He went sharply down the lane, without daring once to look back. Milly stood and watched him until he was out of sight, and then she felt conscious of a strange kind of exhaustion. Her heart began to beat violently—her head swam—she groped blindly for some support—and fell.

The cold air playing on her damp brow, brought her to herself. She lifted her head, and looked about her anxiously. At first, she could not recollect what had occurred, and wondered to find herself stretched on the ground, with her shawl folded carefully as a pillow for her heavy head.

She looked up interrogatively, and found Tommy Wilson standing above, with a face softened into tenderness in every rugged line and curve. She tried to rise then, but Tommy made a strange noise and shook his head emphatically. Finding her determined, he at once put the question beyond controversy by lifting her in his arms and conveying her quickly and carefully into the house, and putting her gently down on a sofa darted away.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NEVER DESPAIR.

Exasperated by repeated failures, old Mark called a meeting to decide what must be done. The place of rendezvous was, as usual, the old ruined castle, in the marshes.

Old Mark did not like to be beaten. He had been spoilt by impunity, and had learnt at last to consider himself exceedingly aggrieved when he was not allowed to help himself to as much game as he fancied.

Moreover, the last attempt had made some scandal. The keepers remained bound in the wood until nearly noon the next day, when Mr. Carthen, fairly frightened now, had sent a large body of laborers in search of them. When they came upon the keepers, who were well-nigh exhausted by being kept so long in their expressions of rage and menace; and, moreover, declared themselves almost certain to the identity of two of the poachers—old Mark and Herbert Benson. The latter assertion was received with incredulity by the others, but Lawrence persisted.

"If he wasn't there I'll eat my head."

"What, Herbert?"

"Yes; I heard his voice once when he forgot to disguise it; and, moreover, his hat fell off in the midst of the fight."

"Well, I shall be sorry if it was."

"I can't say but what I am disappointed, too," answered Lawrence; "but still the truth is the truth all the world over."

"Of course it is; only, with your permission, Lawrence, I think we'd better keep that little matter to ourselves. If you were mistaken, you know, Mr. Benson's not the kind of man to stand any nonsense, and he'd make you suffer for it."

"I'll try and be sure before I speak, but as to old Mark, I'd swear to his heart."

"So would I," said Scourby; "and his son, too. Nat tackled me once," he added, rubbing his head, ruefully, "and there's no mistaking the blow of his fist—it rings so hard."

"And Master Herbert wasn't anxious," replied Lawrence, making doleful reference to a lump on his forehead. "The fact is, these poachers want putting down."

"But who's to do it?" asked Scourby.

"Well, Lord Dacre and Mr. Carthen. Those are the two who get paid off the worst. Now-a-days, it is almost as bad being a keeper as it is being a soldier in war-time. I haven't had a quiet night these three weeks; up at all hours on the lookout; and then this affair—it's more than mortal can bear."

"I think master has always been unwilling to have old Mark caught, on account of his years; but there's an end even to his patience. I should fancy. There will never be any peace in the neighborhood all the while he is at liberty."

This speech was reported to old Mark by one of the laborers, who, without being a poacher himself, had strong sympathy for the leader and was glad to be able to do him a good turn. It was also mentioned in the village, and reached Mr. Lowe's ears, who at once sent for old Mark and Nat, and dismissed them from his employ.

"I have long suspected you both," he said, "but shut my eyes to your faults. Now it has gone too far to be looked over, and you must find work elsewhere."

"That's a fine way of keeping us from poachin,'" old Mark said to his son, as

they walked away. "I don't mean to die of starvation when there is game to be had for getting."

"Nor I," answered Nat.

"We'd better call a meeting."

"Very well, father."

"You may as well go round at ones and leave word at the cottages; the wives will be at home. It isn't as if you had to wait for work-hours to be over," added old Mark, with a bitter smile. "You are likely to have plenty of time on your hands by day."

"We had better sleep, then, father; that will make us all the frisker of nights."

"That's a good thought, lad! I'll see about it."

But, accustomed to his daily labor, somehow the hours lagged terribly. Nat went on his errand; old Mark set himself to sleep. He removed his coat, and lay himself down on the bed, darkening the window, through which the bright sun poured, shaming him as a staggard.

Old Mark sank at last into a restless slumber. He awoke presently, with a bitter cry.

He had seen Nat again standing on the scaffold, with the hangman's cruel hands at his throat; and, beating the air wildly in the agony of despair, old Mark awoke.

"Halloa, father!"

"Ah!" answered the old man, with a deep sigh of relief. "You are there, then, Nat?"

"I've been back this half-hour, or more."

"I was thinking there was a scaffold up in the galley."

Nat stared at the old man anxiously.

"Whatever put such a notion into your head, father?"

"Oh, nothing, lad, nothing," he answered quickly. "It was only a fancy. There used to be when I was young; that is all."

"Only when there was people to be hung."

"Of course. But they hung for other things beside murder in my day," answered Mark, shuddering. "It's a good thing we live in different times."

He got up then, and made an effort to shake off his dream.

"Well, what do the men say?"

"They will all be there."

"What time did you say?"

"Midnight. I thought that was the safest."

"All right! Not as I've fancied that so well as some since our—our accident, you know."

"I don't believe it was a ghost now, father."

"What was it, then?"

"It couldn't have been an owl."

"More like an elephant!" said old Mark, contemptuously.

"Besides, it had a human-looking face; and I'd swear to if this was the last word I had to speak!"

"Perhaps it was somebody who had hidden up to frighten us; or it might have been a spy."

"Tell you what," said old Mark, slowly, "it was a ghost, Nat; and there's no use in trying to get out of it! What it came for is more than I should like to say; but I make no doubt it had a meaning in its visit that we are meant to find out ourselves."

"Perhaps we ought to have asked it what it wanted, father."

"Is that your idea of manners?" inquired old Mark, tartly. "How would you like to be asked your business when you went on a visit?"

"Only, you see, we were ready to make a mistake, from not knowing."

"Perhaps it will come again," said old Mark, looking scared at his own suggestion.

"It is to be hoped it won't, father. If there is anything for us to know, we would rather hear it in some other fashion."

"So we would; only we mayn't have the chance, Nat."

"Anyhow, father, it's time enough to think about it when it does."

"So it is, lad, so it is; but I'm rather down-spirited this afternoon, and that's the fact. I seem to turn over in my mind to find something unpleasant to think of, as if that was my use. I'll have a bit to eat, and that will cheer me."

Nat, who had always seen to these things, for no woman had entered the cottage since his mother's death, got ready the noon-day meal, and they sat down together.

"Eat hearty, Nat," said the old man, in rather a sad tone. "It may be the last time we shall have plenty on the board."

"Nay, father, we shan't starve all the while. I have hands to work."

"Only the farmers hereabouts won't have anything to say to you now, I expect."

"Well, but I never stole anything," replied Nat, rather surprised that his father should take this view of the matter. "Poachin' isn't thieving."

"Some of the gentlefolk want us to believe that it is just the same thing."

"That shows their sense, then," remarked Nat; "and the higher they are the more ignorant they are, it seems to me. I know what thieving is, and why shouldn't they?"

"Because they're perverted; and, moreover, they take in everything the keepers tell them. That Lawrence is a sharp chap."

"Hush, boy! don't jest," said old Mark, gravely. "I don't feel the humor for it to-day, somehow."

"That's just you, want cheering up, father."

"A hollow kind of laugh ain't any refreshment. If you can't take it heartily, you had better hold your tongue; least ways, that is my opinion."

"Perhaps you are right," answered Nat, who had evidently spoken more hopefully than he felt; for, as if glad of the invitation, he relaxed into silence.

It was only when idle that old Mark seemed to despond. When he stood in the midst of his little band of poachers, his eye was full of fire, and his arm of vigor. He laughed defiantly in the face of those who dared to prophesy evil.

"What's the matter now, Pierce?"

"Well, I was working down at the Seven Acre Field this afternoon—you know the Seven Acre Field, mates?"

"Yes, yes—go on!" said half a dozen voices at once.

"Well, I was down behind the hedge, smoking my pipe at noon, after my

dinner, when who should come along but Mr. Carthen, with Lawrence, the keeper."

There was a deep murmur of suspense and eagerness.

"Well, he stops just near me, as if it was done on purpose, you know; and he says, 'Lawrence,' says he, 'my patience is worn out, and I begin to think with you that there won't be any peace for any of us until old Mark is caught.'"

"And what did Lawrence say to that?"

"'You're right, sir,' says he. 'That man does more mischief than all the rest put together. He puts the young ones up to poachin', as if the idea didn't get into their heads soon enough without."

"The worst of it is, we never can catch him in the act; he is too cunning for us,' says Mr. Carthen.

"I've got a plan in my head, sir," says Lawrence, "if you approve."

"But at this minute they walked on. Mr. Carthen had only stopped to light his cigar, it seemed, and so, of course, I didn't hear any more; but it strikes me there is something up."

"I don't suppose it is anything very grand," said old Mark, with confidence; "but here comes Master Herbert. I didn't expect you, Master Herbert, I must say."

"Why not?"

"I fancied you would have had enough of it last time."

"I am not here for pleasure," sighed Herbert, so softly that only Mark might hear. "You know what I told you last time."

"But you shan't do it."

Herbert smiled. He knew that it ought to be easy enough to escape old Mark's vigilance.

"Whatever put such a notion into your head, father?"

"Oh, nothing, lad, nothing," he answered quickly. "I am not a fancy."

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" "Nor I!" said half a dozen voices, simultaneously.

"Very well, then, let's see if we can't get a little sport to-night. Who's got guns?"

Four answered yes to this question, and among them Herbert Benson.

"All I can say is," continued old Mark, "nothing venture, nothing have. Get all you can as quickly as you can, and never mind about the noise of your guns. We was as whilst as could be caught in our lives. This time we'll carry it with a high hand, and I dare say we shall find ourselves all the safer."

Herbert turned then in horror and suspense, and said, in his own natural voice, "Nat, Nat was trying to get away from him, he seized him in both hands with all his might, and called back to Lawrence to come and help him secure the audacious defensor.

Herbert struggled desperately. Even this brief resistance made discovery more difficult. It was impossible now that he should find any excuse for his conduct, as Mr. Carthen would naturally say that he ought to have confessed at once, if he wished him to believe in his sincerity.

Herbert felt now that he had made a mistake, and must not expect to be trusted, and, therefore, he struggled passionately in Mr. Carthen's grasp. He succeeded at last in breaking away from him, and was stooping under a branch of the huge elm that barred his path, when his gun struck against the trunk, and went off suddenly.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



(Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Post Box" Saturday Evening Post.)

According to the "knowing ones," this is going to be a brisk season for business of all kinds. Our realm, the world of fashion, is also influenced, and as the financial sky brightens, and the sun of prosperity dispenses freely his cheering beams, we may expect all sorts of new fancies and suggestions to "crop out" from the fertile brains of our dress artists, like flowers, after refreshing rains and warm spring sunbeams. For to live under the clouds and in the chilling atmosphere of such a financial crisis has been our lot to experience as a nation, for over a year past, is most terribly depressing to trade and business of all kinds. Now, happily, we begin to emerge from gloom, and an everything brightens—summer, "lingering so late among the hills," and both to yield her way to autumn, influences costume very much—consequently the decided changes in wraps and hats, etc., that we have described, have not yet been very generally adopted.

We are glad to record the favor with which the new walking dresses have been received both in New York and Philadelphia; which two great emporiums of business of all kinds may be said to influence the entire American world of fashion.

In speaking of these walking dresses, we allude more especially to the length; as in that particular item, lies the (to us) most attractive feature. We have seen several newly imported ones, and all were just of sufficient length to clear the ground. They are gored perfectly plain in front, and over the hips; the fullness of the back being arranged either in one large double box plait, or two flat plaits. The width of the skirt should not exceed three yards and three-quarters.

A very pretty light woollen fabric, with fancy stripes, now brought out in ecru and drab tints, striped with red, the new claret tint, and different shades of blue, will be much used for indoor over-dresses and polonaises, and as long as the mildness of the season permits for the promenade and carriage wear.

Heavily embroidered basque polonaises and tunics of silk, cashmere, and camel's hair cloths are still being largely imported. Some are heavily beaded and wrought with finely cut and pressed jet; others have only silk embroidery, in large patterns.

Among handsome silk suits we noticed one which will serve as a model for garments of similar material. It was of dark claret color, and had the skirt trimmed with two bias-gathered flounces, each about three-fourths of a yard in depth, set on the lower with two puffs, the upper with one puff, and three graduated standing ruffles. The overskirt and cuirasse basque were heavily wrought in palm leaves of jet, and a fine running vine of embroidery. The shape of the overskirt was a deep pointed apron, fastening under the basque at the back, in one broad sash end laid in six kilt plaits; this sash was only embroidered on the end, and edged, as was the overskirt, with deep yak lace. The jacket had a high round collar, standing out well from the neck, and ending on the front, just over the bust, in two crossed square tabs. The sleeves were of the coat style—very close fitting.

Dinner and reception dresses have very long and full trains, and generally square or heart-shaped bodices. The back breadth of all the dresses are arranged either in large kilt pleats, or the one double box plait, which latter, indeed, is a newer style.

Hats, it is said, will be more popular than bonnets during the coming season. Many of us, who are still young, can remember when time hats were entirely given up to children and very young misses, and even they wore little bonnets for "best" in imitation of "mamma's." Now all ages wear the hat, and one seldom sees the bonnet in general use among the young and unmarried.

We noticed a very charming model of drab velvet, combined with a dark shade of slate colored gros grain silk. The crown was of the Normandy shape, high and slightly puffed. The front of the velvet laid in overlapping folds. A half wreath of tinted leaves, gray shading into deep maroon, was placed just above the "forehead piece," as the band inside the flaring front was termed, and carried back until it reached the crown just at the left side, where it was caught by an aigrette of mingled blue and black jets, and two loops of gros grain ribbon the same color as the silk of the crown. On the right side were placed two small beautifully curled ostrich tips, of shaded gray and maroon.

Among the smaller items of wear, are noticeable small linen and linen-cambric cravats for the ladies; much the size and shape of those worn by gentlemen to the opera. Some are plainly hemmed, others are edged with lace and have a spray of embroidery on each end. The sheer muslin ties, so popular last summer and a season before, are revived—only they are now much narrower than they were. Jabots of Valenciennes and Mechlin, and, where it can be afforded, point lace, are very fashionable for full dress wear. Many wear a small cluster of roses, or one half-open flower, just nestling in the folds of the lace, giving a dainty, coquettish effect.

Double ruches are worn around the neck—sometimes the inner one is of tulle and the outer of sheer muslin. NINOS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss R. B. C.—We can forward any pattern you desire.

C. O. D.—Yes; you were correctly informed. We do shop on commission for those who send us orders. We answer by mail if a stamp is sent.

ANNE AND ELLA.—"Little girls," and big ones, too, still wear the front hair "braided," but we think it is risky—suing very young faces.

Miss N. G.—We would advise the purchase of a hat fit for ordinary wear. Trim with a scarf or tornade of silk, lined with contrasting color and fringed at the ends. Have a bright wing or tip, and small aigrette of jet at the left side.

TILLIE.—Certainly we can get you any kind of hair braids you wish. They cost all the way from \$5 to \$30; but for about \$10 or \$12 you can get one that will answer every purpose, and that will be really handsome. The embroidered shirt bonnets cost from \$1 to \$5 each, according to the quality and amount of embroidery upon each bonnet.

TAKE WARNING.

BY H. S.

Once lived a country maid who, proud Of charms before which all men bowed, Was'd over mortal:

"Twas in those happy old ages when The human heart was simple and childlike; But human nature now as then Of pride is born full."

Althes' this maid to lowest' prayer, To thy killer's deep-smoak'd snare, Had bold defiance, She never intended to remain A votary to such a train,

But here with some well-favored swain A fit alliance.

Years glided by, full many a chime To the new year's eve when ruthless time Her charms invaded:

"But thought she not of tell-tale streak Which scurried her brow, of sunken cheek, Of attachment faded."

At length still fewer and more few, Behind the scenes of years grew:

"At festive meeting, No more did youth on youth advance To claim her hand for distant dance, Nor combat for one witching glance, With heart high-beating."

"Alas," quoth she, "I'm sore perplex'd: My bosom desert, the very next! What's this?—a rain?—but, ah! no more Did anxious lover seek her door. Young ladies in your houses store This sad example."

A DOG IN THE MANGER.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES.

DEAR JIM.—When last we parted, you promised me an opportunity of repaying in part, at least, the kind attentions shown a stranger in town, by spending a week with me during the summer. Let the summer hath arrived, indeed, and I am sorry to say, all I can do is to reward thy friendship, I charge you not to fail to put in an appearance at the farm, next week—not later than Wednesday. The weather is fine, the shooting good, and I've a nice receipt for making appetites. I'll write to the boys from over the hills to join us. Yours, cordially.

Shelton Farm, Oct. 19, 1844.

I obeyed the summons at once. The next day found me en route for the country house of my bachelor friend, Ned Ashby. In due course I arrived and found a hearty welcome awaiting my presence. The crisp, fresh October air, the boisterous, contagious gayety of my host, gave additional zest to an already sharpened appetite, and I did full justice to the excellent supper which Ned's housekeeper (a soberly dame who had nursed him in his babyhood) had provided.

During the days which followed, we shot plenty of game, rode horseback, paid visits—in short, sought whatever amusement could be found among a rather scanty, but decidedly lively population.

The evening preceding my departure, Ned, as he had indicated in his letter, invited some of the boys "from over the hills" to supper, and as they had to come some distance, an invitation of this sort involved also the offer of a bed. The boys came and soon gave evidence of a determination to make a night of it. I forgot how many glasses of apple-toddy, the upper with one puff, and three graduated standing ruffles. The overskirt and cuirasse basque were heavily wrought in palm leaves of jet, and a fine running vine of embroidery. The shape of the overskirt was a deep pointed apron, fastening under the basque at the back, in one broad sash end laid in six kilt plaits; this sash was only embroidered on the end, and edged, as was the overskirt, with deep yak lace. The jacket had a high round collar, standing out well from the neck, and ending on the front, just over the bust, in two crossed square tabs. The sleeves were of the coat style—very close fitting.

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presently he and I were engaged, and in our struggle we rolled through the door without much difficulty, right on to the body of another of my friend's visitors, extended on the entry floor. He uttered a similar inquiry about his satanic majesty, and in the uncertain light, with a confusion of brain equal to his comrade, toothwise joined in the fray. Around by the noise, and utterly at loss to comprehend its cause or nature, Ned was not long in adding a fourth to this curious nocturnal engagement, the dog all the while barking furiously and snapping at every leg but his master's. This lasted about twenty minutes at the shortest calculation, when the housekeeper appeared with lights, and I hope she was gratified. But the arrival of the old lady gave rise to the second case of dead-lock on record. None of us would move till the dog was secured. I held my man firmly; Ned had the owner of the dog safely pinned; while my man held him; and so we continued till the housekeeper drove out the dog. It was then close upon morning. When we realized the ludicrous situation a shout of laughter burst forth that made the rafters ring. We all went down stairs and drank in the day.

Many years have passed since that night; many pleasant visits have passed between Ned and myself; but, although we've both grown staid, sober citizens, we still enjoy a hearty laugh when either is reminded of "a dog in the manger."

ETHEL'S ROMANCE.

BY EDEN E. REYFORD.

"I tell you what it is, Ethel," Mrs. Darcy said, deliberately laying down her book, and looking severely at her daughter, who was standing by the window. "I don't want anything to do with John Evelyn, and I don't want you to have. He's nothing but—a well, fortune-hunter," said Mrs. Darcy, desperately grabbing the first word which suggested itself.

"I don't see how you make that out," said Ethel, bitterly. "The Darcy fortune isn't so large as it might be."

Everybody knew that the Darcy fortune was no fortune at all. Mrs. Darcy had been dividing her attention for the last six years between her novels and plans for bettering her worldly prospects.

She had taken courage of late. A new actor had appeared upon the scene, and one from whom Mrs. Darcy expected a good deal in the little social drama she had resolved to put upon the boards.

She wanted Ralph Trevor to marry her daughter. She didn't know much about him. He seemed a nice enough young fellow, but that was the least she cared about. What she cared most for, was the fact that he had money. She knew that to be a fact because everybody was talking about the recklessness with which young Trevor spent his dollars.

She wanted some of them, and the only way by which she could get them was for her to make a match between him and Ethel.

She knew that Ethel did not care for him; knew that Ethel's heart was reaching out in a different direction, as to a tender searching for something to cling to.

Ethel felt the need of something to cling to. She had never felt toward her mother as a child ought to, but she was not to blame. Her mother had too much selfishness, too much indolence, too much superficiality, to be very attractive to a girl of Ethel's nature.

Ethel had met John Evelyn about a year before Ralph Trevor came along, and she had liked him from the first. Mrs. Darcy saw how the wind blew, and determined that her daughter should never marry a man whose fortune is in his two strong hands and a sturdy brain. Brains didn't count for much with her. It was money that made a man attractive. But when Ralph Trevor came and began to pay court to Ethel, she felt that the stroke of good luck she had been waiting for had at last arrived, and it only remained for her to take advantage of it.

Ethel was no weak girl. She had grown accustomed to being self-reliant, and now, when her mother told her that she wanted her to let John Evelyn go, and take Ralph Trevor in his stead, she rebelled openly.

"I hope you won't make a fool of yourself, Ethel," said her mother, sharply.

"I don't intend to," said Ethel. "But I should be making a fool of myself if I were to marry a man I detested as thoroughly as I do Trevor."

"What do you know about him?" asked Mrs. Darcy, angrily.

"Sure enough," answered Ethel.

"What do I know about him? I do not intend to marry any man without knowing more about his antecedents than I do about his."

"I shall tell John Evelyn again that I do not care to have him continue his visits to you," said Mrs. Darcy. She resolved to visit no longer. Ethel must be made to do as she saw fit.

"You can do as you please," answered Ethel; but there was something in the way in which she said it that made her mother feel slightly uncomfortable. It didn't agree well for Ethel's docility.

Mrs. Darcy did tell John Evelyn that she would be pleased to have him discontinue his visits to Ethel. And Ethel told him that the breaking off of his visits would make no difference in her regard for him. But Mrs. Darcy did not know it.

Ralph Trevor came often after that.

That was the way he was, the way he had behaved under her. She fancied he had removed all obstacles, which shows how little she knew her daughter, who had been accustomed to a blind obedience to her whims and caprices.

But Ethel was not careful not to encourage Trevor. She failed to arouse the fierce passion of which Mrs. Darcy was possessed, for under her usual indolence slumbered a stubborn doggedness of purpose, and Ethel knew that her wrath would be fearful if once thoroughly provoked. So she treated Trevor politely, but managed to keep him at a distance.

Ethel probably felt a stronger repugnance towards him than she would have done if circumstances had not been as they were but, from the first, there had seemed something bad and sinister about

him. She did not know why she should feel so; she only knew that such a conviction took possession of her the moment she saw him.

The weeks went by, and Trevor lingered, encouraged by Mrs. Darcy and repelled by Ethel's coldness.

All things must end, and at last he resolved to trifle no longer. It must be settled, one way or the other.

He proposed to Ethel, and she refused him. She did it as gently as she knew how, because she pitied him if he really loved her, and she more than half believed that he did.

He took his refusal with the best grace possible, and at first was not inclined to consider her answer decisive. But she quickly undeceived him on that score.

"I do not love you, and I cannot marry a man I do not love."

The man's face was white with pain when he turned to go. She knew then that he had felt her words keenly.

"I am sorry," he said, simply. "You would have made a better man of me, Ethel, if you could have loved me a little."

"I am not the only woman I ever loved."

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